

(15) 45.

Not in Wing

Elizabeth Rones

SHORT

ANSWER

T O

ELLINOR JAMES'S

LONG PREAMBLE,

O R

VINDICATION

O F T H E

NEW TEST, &c.

**T**He Book call'd Mistress James's Vindication,  
Doth seem to me but her great Indignation  
Against the Romans, and Dissenters too:  
She for the Church of England makes adoe,  
Calling her Christs Spouse, yet she's mistaken,  
Christs Spouse is she that is by Her forsaken:  
In every form the Innocent are his,  
They'r such as truly give him Kils for Kils.  
The New Church and Calvins are alike,  
When they get up, they do their Brethren strike;  
They both are Persecutors, and I find,  
Such silly Formalists are very blind  
To things of God; for none of them can tell  
What is in Truth, either in Heaven or Hell;

Or

Or God, or Devil, they all court the Letter,  
And yet I see their evil doth them fetter,  
They would have *Liberty*, but cannot love  
Their Neighbour as themselves, but still do move,  
That they may have Dominion over others;  
That is the Daughters trick, and eke the Mothers  
Though at each other they do chide and baul,  
No Barrel the better Herring amongst them all.  
Our Gracious King doth keep the Peace,  
And yet their wrath and mallice does not cease.  
Leave of debate, and learn to live in Love,  
Then you will know what is the God above,  
And eke his Son, whom you do seem to Honour,  
Yet never come to fight under his Banner;  
Against the evil Nature in your selves,  
And so you run upon the sands and shelves;  
Of vain contention, and vain jangling, for  
I see you all the ways of Truth abhor.  
You saw that Conscience is no perfect guide,  
And therein I do find that you backslide;  
For that doth never guide us to do evil,  
He that denies the Truth, he is a Devil.  
You like *Goliath* think to run me down;  
But I have little *David* (though you frown)  
Can smite you with his stone, that is the truth,  
Though you have been a Warriour from your Youth:  
I matter not your Spear, nor yet your Shield,  
I know the power I have shall make you yield;  
With your own Sword I make no doubt to tame ye,  
Though your proud Doctors at your Church do blame me.  
I plead for Truth, and for true innocence,  
That keeps the Conscience void of all offence  
To God or Man, that loves you every one,  
And would have all build on the Corner Stone;  
The Rock of Ages, and not harm each other,  
But have respect to Charity our Mother;  
And do your duty also to your King,  
That you may come and *ALLELUJAH'S* Sing.

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L O N D O N, Printed for D. K. in the Year 1687.